

*The Historie of*

to breake the pate of thee, I am a very villaine; come land be hangd, hast no fayth in thee.

*Enter Gads-hill.*

*Gads-hill.* Good-morrow *Carrier*, What's a clocke?

*Car.* I thinke it be two a clocke.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thy Lanterne, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

*1. Car.* Nay by God soft; I know a trick worth two of that I fayth.

*Gad.* I prethee lend me thine.

*2. Car.* I, when, canst tell? Lend me thy Lanterne (quoth he) Marry Ile see thee hangd first.

*Gad.* Sirra *Carrier*, What time doe you meane to come to London?

*2. Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Muges*, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

*Enter Chamberlaine.*

*Gad.* What ho, *Chamberlaine*.

*Cham.* At hand quoth Pick-purse.

*Gad.* Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the *Chamberlaine*, for thou variest no more from picking of Purfes, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layest the plot how.

*Cham.* Good morrow Master *Gads-hill*, it holds currant that I told you yester night, theres a *Franklin* in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what; they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter: they will away presently.

*Gad.* Sirra, if they meet not with Saint *Nicholas Clarke*, Ile giue thee this necke.

*Cham.* No, Ile none of it; I pray thee keepe that for the Hangman, for I know thou worshipest Saint *Nicholas*, as truly as a man of falsehood may.

*Gad.* What talkest thou to me of the Hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, old *Sir Iohn* hangs with me, & thou knowes he is no starueling; tut, there are other

Troians.

*Henry the fourth.*

Troians, that thou dream'st not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace, that would (if matters should be lookt into) for their owne credit sake, make al whole: I am ioyned with no foot-land rakers, no long-staffe sixpenny strikers, none of these madde mustachio purple hewd malt-worms, but with nobility, and tranquility, Burgomasters and great Oneyers, such as can hold in such as wil strike sooner the speake, & speak sooner then drinke, & drinke sooner the pray; and yet (Zounds) Ile lie, for they pray continually to their saint the Comon-wealth, or rather not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride vp & downe on her, and make her their Bootes.

*Cham.* What, the Common-wealth their Bootes? will shee hold out Water in foule way?

*Gad.* She will, she will, Iustice hath liquord her: we steale as in a Castle, cock sure; we haue the receit of Ferne seed, we walke inuisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my fayth, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferne seed, for your walking inuisible.

*Gad.* Giue me thy hand, thou shalt haue a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a false theefe.

*Gad.* Go to, *homo* is a comon name to all men: bid the Ostler bring my Gelding out of the stable; farewell ye muddy knaue.

*Scene. 2.* *Enter Prince, Poyes, and Peto, &c.*

*Poyes.* Come shelter, shelter, I haue remooued *Falstaffe*'s Horse, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

*Prince.* Stand close. *Enter Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* *Poyes*, *Poyes*, and be hangd *Poyes*.

*Prince.* Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe?

*Fal.* What *Poyes*, Hal?

*Prin.* He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go seeke him.

*Fal.* I am accus'd to rob in that theeues company, the rascall hath remoued my Horse, and tyed him: I know not where, if I trauel but foure foote by the squire further a foote, I shal breake my winde: Well, I doubt not but to die a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourelly any time this 22. yeare, and yet I am bewitcht.